

WAR REMINISCENCES.

STOOD OFF THE ARMY.

An Exciting Incident of the War Which Was Almost a Tragedy.

The Army of Northern Virginia was retreating from Gettysburg. It halted near Hagerstown and threw up intrenchments as if anticipating another engagement. But no engagement was expected or desired. The south was defeated, and Gen. Lee knew it. The soldiers straggled into town in search of amusement and to supplement their rations. They found whisky in abundance—a luxury not easily obtained in the confederacy. They had it and partook of it freely. In consequence they were noisy and by no means a pleasant acquisition to the good people of Hagerstown. Rumors of their disorderly demeanor reached Gen. Lee, who immediately sent a peremptory order that all confederates—men and officers—should return to camp at once. I was provost marshal of Hagerstown at the time, and the order came to me. I detailed a squad of men under a sergeant and sent them out with instructions to enforce it. They returned in a short time and reported that all had promptly obeyed except Col. F—, of the cavalry. He was in a store and drinking, and refused to go. I knew him. He was a fine man and a gallant officer, and fearless as the proverbial lion. He was also six feet and seven inches in height, and of proportionate dimensions in other respects. "Show me Col. F—," I said, "and I will see that he obeys." The men led the way. Sure enough, we found Col. F— leaning on the counter of a store; he had evidently been drinking, though not intoxicated.

"Colonel," said I, walking up to him. "I have an order from Gen. Lee to send all confederates—men and officers—to camp at once. You will please obey."

Looking at me coolly, in spite of his heated condition, he said: "I will not go."

"But, colonel," I said, "you must go." "I will not go," he replied. "I don't belong to your command. I belong to Rooney Lee's command."

"But, colonel," I said, "the order is from Gen. Robert E. Lee, and Rooney Lee himself is under his command. The order makes no exception, and leaves me no option but to see it obeyed."

"I tell you I don't intend to go," he replied.

I was irritated by his persistency, and said with some warmth: "You must go."

Taking out my watch and noting the time, I said: "I will give you ten minutes in which to decide what you will do. At the end of that time, if you still refuse to obey, I shall order these men to fire on you."

I turned to the men and ordered them to fix their guns, which they instantly did. In the most nonchalant manner imaginable Col. F— put his



"I WILL NOT GO."

hand behind him and drew from his hip pocket a revolver, Colt's six-shooter. Cocking it and pointing it at me, he said:

"If you order these men to fire on me, I will shoot you."

I did not reply, but studied my time-piece intently. What should I do?

What ought I to do? I did not wish to sacrifice this gallant life. A passing thought that my own life hung on a thread flitted through my mind. It was only a flitting thought. Veterans are so inured to danger that it makes but little impression when they have it to face. To this fact is due their efficiency more than to the superior training experience gives. They are never hindered in appreciating a situation or obeying an order by personal fear. Just before the time was up Col. F—'s adjutant came to me hurriedly and touched my arm.

"Colonel," he said, "I want to speak with you a minute."

I went aside with him.

"Colonel," said the adjutant to me, "you can't manage Col. F— in the condition he is in now. I know him. He will not budge from the position he has taken. He will stand there with that pistol and fight Gen. Lee's whole army before he will surrender. Leave him to me. I think I can coax him back to camp."

"Very well; do so," said I, greatly relieved to have the responsibility removed. I left him to the adjutant. What argument he used I do not know, but in a few minutes he had persuaded him to return to his command, and Col. F— never knew the mental conflict I had undergone.—Philadelphia Times.

A medal of honor has been awarded to John S. Darham, of Kansas City, Kan., late sergeant, company F First Wisconsin, for distinguished gallantry in action at the battle of Perryville, Ky., October 8, 1862.—National Tribune.

We often wonder how it comes that a never switch a person off of a treasured story.—Washington Post.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

Comrade Sheldon Took Care of Wounded Men at His Own Peril.

At the battle of second Bull Run, after the army commenced retreating, I happened to be in the extreme rear. The confederates were following us in hot pursuit. I was stunned by a shell, and lay upon the battlefield all night. In the morning I followed after the retreating army, not knowing which way to go. I passed through a small piece of woods which opened in a valley. In the distance I noticed some large tents standing all alone alongside of a running brook of clear water. When I entered the tents I saw some 25 wounded union soldiers, who had been abandoned by the doctor.

As soon as the army commenced to retreat they appealed to me to stay with



THEY MOTIONED ME TO COME TO THEM.

them, for there was not one able to help himself. So I stayed, dressing their wounds the best I could, giving them fresh water. There was not a morsel of anything to eat. That night about nine o'clock six southern stragglers came to the tent to find out who occupied it. On finding all wounded union soldiers they gave up part of their supply of grub, and some roasted rye for coffee. They built a fire, as the night was chilly, and remained until morning, and before departing one of them put a piece of red flannel around my arm and told me that would prevent me from being taken a prisoner, and pointed out the direction to take to find one of our hospitals.

I hunted one up and stated the case to the lieutenant of my company. He was detailed on the battlefield to look after the wounded. He gave me a lot of bread and canned goods, and promised to send aid as soon as possible. I distributed the eatables to the men and remained all night. The next morning bright and early I saw a squad of cavalry, ten in number. They motioned me to come to them. When I got about 100 feet from them they brought their carbines down to a charge, and wanted to know who occupied those tents.

When I told them that I was the only one who could help himself, they made me march about 200 feet ahead of them, warning me if I deceived them they would shoot me. I told them that I would not hurt them, and those in the tent were not able to do so. After surrounding the tents, to make sure that all was safe, they entered and took all the medicine boxes, surgical instruments, and then rode away. In the afternoon of the same day hospital wagons and a doctor came and took all the wounded to Washington. These men had my address, and all promised they would write to me when they got home.—David Sheldon, in National Tribune.

GEN. GRANT'S NARROW ESCAPE.

How a Timely Order Saved Him from Being Shot.

At the regular meeting of the Confederate Veterans' association a few evenings ago a paper was read by Gen. Marcus J. Wright, as one of a series which will be read before the association the coming winter, relating facts and interesting incidents of the war, in which an account was given, heretofore unpublished, of how nearly Gen. Grant came to being fairly riddled with bullets. The address gave a brief description of the battle of Belmont, Mo., the result of which was favorable to the confederates. In his remarks Gen. Wright concluded as follows:

"Gen. Cheatham took Blythe's Mississippi regiment and the One Hundred and Fifty-fourth Tennessee, under my command, to follow up the retreating federals, and attack the troops embarking on some transports. When within half a mile from where we started we came near a double house, about 100 yards from the road, occupied by the federals as a hospital. At the gate were two officers mounted on very fine horses. At this juncture two officers, one with his overcoat on and one with his overcoat on his arm, came out of the hospital and ran toward a cornfield, and jumping the fence, disappeared. As they emerged from the house a number of my men cocked their guns and were about to fire. Gen. Cheatham at once directed me to order their guns to a shoulder, and not fire on stragglers, as his orders were to attack the troops seeking the transports. The order was so given, and the officers were not fired upon."

"On the day after the battle Gen. Cheatham met, under flag of truce, Col. Hatch, Gen. Grant's quartermaster. Col. Hatch, in his conversation with Gen. Cheatham, told him the two officers who ran out of the hospital were Gen. Grant and himself, and that both were surprised they were not fired on. Gen. Cheatham a few days afterward met Gen. Grant on a flag of truce boat, and he confirmed Col. Hatch's statements."

"The battle of Belmont was the initial battle of the great campaign in the Mississippi valley. It was Gen. Grant's first battle in the war, and its sequences were Forts Henry and Donelson, Shiloh and all that followed."—Washington Post.

The centennial of the high hat will fall in January next.

FARM AND GARDEN.

WISCONSIN WIDE AWAKE.

Everybody in the State Is Enthusiastic About Road Reform.

It is pretty well settled that "good roads" will be a rallying cry in Wisconsin until good roads come in each of the counties. The prejudice that for some time has divided the farming element and Wisconsin's army of more than 100,000 wheelmen and wheelwomen, a greater number of people than any general, north or south, led into a battle, is rapidly disappearing. If it has not already disappeared. Two or three years ago the farmers allowed themselves to believe that the good roads agitation was wholly in the interest of the wheelmen, and that the burden of providing them would fall upon the farmers' shoulders. That idea has exploded. While the farmers know that good roads mean increased comfort and pleasure for those who ride the wheel, they have come to understand that good roads mean more than that to them; that they not only mean pleasure and comfort for them but a high degree of profit—profit in time saved; profit in vastly larger loads while marketing their products; profit in saved horse flesh; profit in a large increase in the value of their farms. They have come to realize that good roads are cheap roads, the cheapest that the farmer can have. They have only to point to here and there patches of good road that have needed no attention, in some instances, for a quarter of a century.

It is safe to say, now, that the cry for good roads is as heartily entered into by the farmers of Wisconsin as it is by the wheelmen. The press of the state is a unit in favor of good roads and its columns are open for their advocacy. Politicians have noted the turn of the tide. The best men of the professions are in the good roads procession. This is notably true of the teachers and preachers, most of whom are users of the wheel as a means of grace, pleasure and promoter of health.

At a recent banquet the superintendent of the farmers' institutes, Prof. McKerrow, declared that in each of the 119 institutes to be held the coming winter the question of good roads would be given close attention. It will be discussed in all of the teachers' institutes. It will be the subject for discussion by debating clubs, including those connected with the high and district schools. There is not a man of prominence in the state, in office or out of office, who is not pronounced in favor of good roads.

When the good road procession passes by watch for Wisconsin well to the right of the column.—Chicago Times-Herald.

WASTE OF VAST WEALTH.

Why Farmers Should Make Liberal Outlays for Good Roads.

The national good roads congress will hold its next yearly session at Orlando, Fla. This is somewhat remote from the path of commerce, but nevertheless the place of meeting may be well chosen. Good roads are a necessity in all states, and the aggregate of good to the republic cannot be attained until in all parts of the country all highways are fit for travel by heavily laden wagons at all times of the year.

It is possible that the interest of the farming people in good roads has been retarded of expression by continual preaching of the advantages that bicycle riders and pleasure seekers on horseback or in vehicles will derive from improved highways. These, though important, are secondary considerations.

The loss to the United States by bad roads is estimated at from \$200,000,000 to \$300,000,000 a year. It is a loss caused by enforced idleness during many months of the year, and by the employment of needless horse power during most months. In the spring and summer the farmer can find work in plenty on his farm. In the fall and winter he ought to be able to haul hay, grain, wood, and other material to market. It is in these seasons that, as a rule, he can obtain the highest prices for his products and it is in these seasons that he can market them without taking time that ought to be used in the work of plowing, sowing and harvesting. But it is in these seasons that he is forced to be idle, or to haul half a load with two horses, instead of a full load with four, because of the wretched or impassable condition of the roads.

It is strange that a class of men so frugal and so wisely economic in most expenditures has hesitated to make liberal outlays for road improvement. No farmer is foolish enough to grumble at an outlay of \$100 or \$150 for good mowers and reapers, for it is known that the difference between \$150 on a reaper and \$3 on a scythe or "cradle" is soon compensated by saving on wages. But an outlay of \$200 on each farm for good roads is looked upon by many as extravagant, though if that amount were levied as a tax upon every 100 acres, and wisely expended, there would be an improvement amounting to a favorable revolution in farm life within the next few years.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Market for Filled Cheese.

As a result of the congressional laws affecting the manufacture of filled cheese the figures on file in the Chicago internal revenue office indicates that hardly ten per cent. of the former business is now being done. The year previous to September 1, when the act of congress went into effect, 15,000,000 pounds were made, yielding a revenue of \$1,000,000 and keeping 30 factories busy. A foreign market has been created, and since September three factories have qualified to Collector Mize. They expect during the coming year to make 1,500,000 pounds.

Pliny said for the uses of life bees labor, work, ordain a commonwealth, have their private councils, their public warlike actions, and have morality.

CALENDAR FOR 1897.

JANUARY							JULY						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31					29	30	31				

FEBRUARY							AUGUST						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31					29	30	31				

MARCH							SEPTEMBER						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31					29	30	31				

APRIL							OCTOBER						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31					29	30	31				

MAY							NOVEMBER						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31					29	30	31				

JUNE							DECEMBER						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31					29	30	31				

HOMEOPATHIC NOTES.

Doctor's Wife—"Have you told Mrs. Blank that her baby is deaf and dumb?" Old Doctor—"Not exactly; but I have told her that if the little girl grew up and married her husband would be devoted to her."—Spare Moments.

Patient—"I have a great habit of talking in my sleep, doctor." Physician—"You sleep alone, do you not?" Patient—"Yes." Physician—"Then I don't see as talking in your sleep is a serious matter. What is needed is to put a stop to some people's talking in their wake."—Boston Transcript.

Doctor—"Yes, I examined your son carefully, and I am convinced that his condition is entirely due to climatic influence; you ought to send him to a warmer climate. Parent—"Why, doctor, that's absurd; ever since he had a bicycle he's done nothing else but scorch."—Boston Courier.

"Well, I see old Banks has finally quit smoking. I heard his doctor told him over a year ago that unless he stopped it would kill him, and his wife has been at him about it ever since." "But that wasn't what made him swear off. His typewriter girl objected to his breath."—Cleveland Leader.

SPICES.

The Malabar coast of India furnishes the natives with cardamom and mustard comes from the East Indies.

Cinnamon, a small portion of which was once held a present which kings were glad to receive, is a native of Ceylon and had been known from the most remote time. It was first carried to Europe by the Arabs. Cassia bark is a relative of cinnamon and is prized for flavoring liquors and chocolate.

The Spice islands have given the world few things more popular than the dried buds of a tree smoked and dried in the sun, named in Latin for their resemblance to a nail, clavus, and called by us cloves. In the same group of islands a small collection of islands are planted entirely in nutmeg trees.

Caraway, from the northern and central parts of Europe and Asia, is used as flavoring in cooking and drinks, in cheese, cakes and bread. Sweet marjoram, native to Portugal and the east, is employed as a seasoning, and capers originally grew wild in Greece and northern Africa. Asafetida, which has an unsavory reputation among us, is highly prized as a condiment in Persia and India and is used in France.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Jan. 6.			
FLOUR—No. 2 red	91 3/4	92 1/4	93
WHEAT—No. 2 hard	96 1/2	97 1/2	98 1/2
CORN—No. 2	35 1/2	36 1/2	37 1/2
OATS—No. 2	22 1/2	23 1/2	24 1/2
BEEF—Extra mess	7 1/2	7 3/4	7 5/8
PORK—Family	9 1/2	9 3/4	9 5/8
LARD—Western	4 1/2	4 3/4	4 5/8
BUTTER—Western creamery	15 1/2	15 3/4	15 5/8
CHEESE—Large	7 1/2	7 3/4	7 5/8
EGGS—State and Penn.	17 1/2	17 3/4	17 5/8
WOOL—Domestic fleece	15 1/2	15 3/4	15 5/8
Pulled	13 1/2	13 3/4	13 5/8
CATTLE—Native steers	4 1/2	4 3/4	4 5/8
SHEEP—Fair to good	3 1/2	3 3/4	3 5/8
HOGS—Yorks	3 1/2	3 3/4	3 5/8

CLEVELAND.			
FLOUR—Ariel	5 7/8	5 3/4	5 1/2
Minnesota patents	4 1/2	4 3/4	4 5/8
WHEAT—No. 2 red	96 1/2	97 1/2	98 1/2
CORN—No. 2 yellow	35 1/2	36 1/2	37 1/2
OATS—No. 2 white	22 1/2	23 1/2	24 1/2
BUTTER—Choice to fancy	16 1/2	16 3/4	16 5/8
CHEESE—York state	11 1/2	11 3/4	11 5/8
EGGS—Strictly fresh	17 1/2	17 3/4	17 5/8
POTATOES—Per bushel	13 1/2	13 3/4	13 5/8
SEEDS—Timothy	1 1/2	1 3/4	1 5/8
Clover	2 1/2	2 3/4	2 5/8
HAY—Timothy, baled	7 1/2	7 3/4	7 5/8
Bulk in market	10 1/2	10 3/4	10 5/8
CATTLE—Steers, fair to good	3 1/2	3 3/4	3 5/8
SHEEP—Fair to good	4 1/2	4 3/4	4 5/8
HOGS—Yorks	3 1/2	3 3/4	3 5/8

INCINNATI.			
FLOUR—Family	3 1/2	3 3/4	3 5/8
WHEAT—No. 2 red	94 1/2	95 1/2	96 1/2